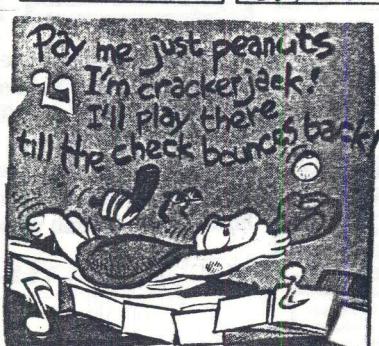
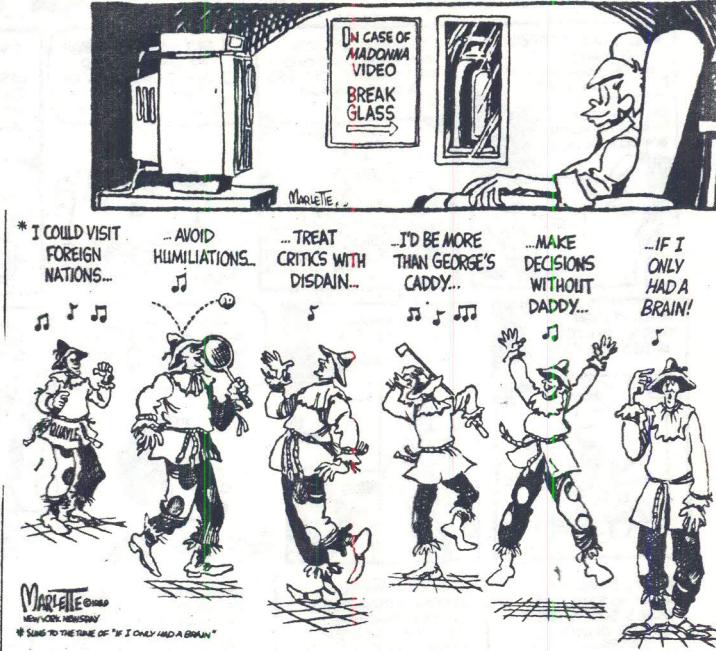


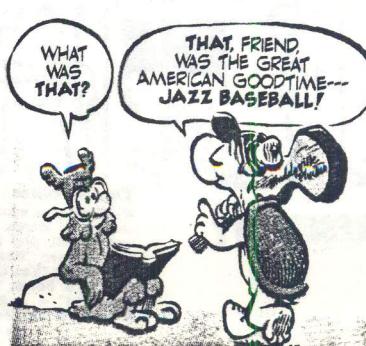
APA - FILK

45

FEB. 1 1990



FOR I'LL TOOT ROOT BLUES
FOR THE HOME BOYS



HERE'S THE RULES,
RULE NUMBER ONE:
THERE AINT NO RULES.
RULE NUMBER TWO...

Y'KNOW, I UNDERTIPPED THE WATER,
MY PELLIGRINO WATER IS FLAT,
I SHOWED UP LATE FOR RESERVATIONS,
MY PERSONAL FITNESS TRAINER IS FAT...

WELL, MY ARUGULA IS WILTED,
AND MY GOAT CHEESE IS STARTIN' TO MOLD.
MY RESUME' IS LOOKIN' FADED,
ACQUIRING THINGS IS GETTIN' OLD...

I GOT THEM UPSIDE, DOWNSIDE,
PARTY HOPPIN', RECIPE SWAPPIN'
KEEPIN' UP WITH THE ROCKEFELLERS
BURN'T OUT YUPPIE BLUES!

WELL I UNDERTIPPED
THE WATER
MY PELLIGRINO WATER
WAS FLAT...

OH, NO - NASAL'S SINGIN' THE WHITE BOY BLUES AGAIN!

I SHOWED UP LATE
FOR RESERVATIONS...
MY PERSONAL FITNESS
TRAINER IS FAT...

I GET NO CHARGE FROM
MY CHARGE CARD...
I DON'T KNOW A BICEP
FROM A LAT...

I GOT DEM PARTY-HOPPIN'
RECIPE-SWAPPIN'
UPSCALIN', LIPCHICKIN'
OVER-TIPPIN', OFF-RIPPIN'
CHILLED WHITE WHININ'
BURN'T OUT YUPPIE
BLUES...

CURCHY, AT THE
END OF A DECADE, IT'S
CUSTOMARY TO LOOK BACK
AN RETROPECT ON EACH
AN' EVER' LIL' EVENT...

SUM' IT ALL UP WITH
A WELL-CHOOSEN ADJECTIVE.

NOW THEN...
WHAT DO
YOU REMEMBER
ABOUT THE EIGHTIES?

MOSTLY THINGS
I'D RATHER
FORGET.
FORGETIN'
IS EASY.
IT FORGIVIN'
WHAT'S HARD.

HOLD IT RIGHT
THERE, MISTER!
BLUES PATROL!

DO YOU KNOW
THIS WHITE BOY?

WHY, YES - IT'S
NASAL T. LARD-BOTTOM,
WHITEST WHITE BOY
AT BYPASS HIGH!

AND DID YOU
TEACH HIM TO
SING THE BLUES?

GULP!

SUDDENLY IT DAWNS
ON MAURICE HE'S IN
DEEP DOODY!

WHY THEN, WHERE
WAS MY TIN MY NOTEL
WLYA CLOUAY?

NOTES...NOTES...
NOTES...NOTES...

NOTES
NOTES
NOTES

NOTES
NOTES
NOTES

MAURICE HAS HIS
RIGHT TO SING
THE BLUES
SUSPENDED
BY THE BLUES
PATROL...

B.B. KING HIMSELF
RESCINDS MAURICE'S
BLUES FRANCHISE
FOR THE GREATER
BYPASS METROPOLITAN
AREA PENDING AN
INVESTIGATION...

AND THE UNITED BLUES
WORKERS OF AMERICA
ARE THREATENING TO
STRIKE UNLESS MAURICE
RESIGNS HIS MEMBERSHIP!



IT BEAAT
LIPSCALE
SO LONG...

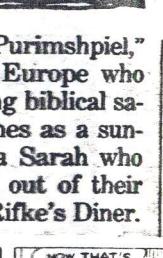
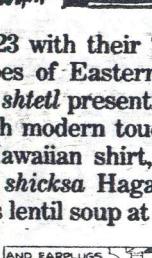
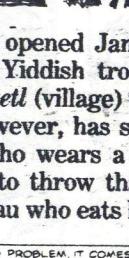
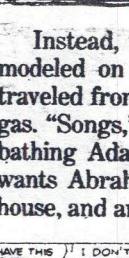
IT LOOKS
LIKE DOWN
TO ME...

WRONG?

WEREN'T MEANT TO
BE PLAYED ON THE
UKULELE!



NASAL INHERITS MAURICE'S BLUES FRANCHISE



BROOKE SHIELDS FOR PRESIDENT?

Woodside: If we want Noriega to confess his crimes, don't play rock 'n' roll, play these songs over and over: "Moon River" - A. Williams; "You Light Up My Life" - D. Boone; "Wonderful, Wonderful" - J. Mathis; "My Sweet Lord" - G. Harrison.
Jim McGurether



ERSEY FLATS #21.....February 1990
Roberta Rogow, P.O. Box 1124, Fair Lawn, NJ 07410

Well. I have succumbed to the lure of Technology at last. This copy of Jersey Flats is coming to you from the keyboard of a "Trash-80" Word Processor. I've been using it for "Futurespeak" writing, and it does make it a lot easier to revise and edit copy. It is easy to insert or delete paragraphs, and remove typos. The only problem with the "Trash 80" is that it has two drives, and one has remember to place the copy onto the OTHER disc, and THEN erase!

CONVENTION REPORTS

I got to a lot of Creation Cons...and PhilCon...but I spent most of November and December wheezing and sneezing with The Flu that Took New York by storm. I actually wound up in a doctor's office, stuffed full of antibiotics and codeine. I got rid of the bug just in time for Mostly Eastly Con...Which is what got me the whole bug in the first place!

Mostly Eastly Con was held the same weekend as EsoteriCon... and in the same venue, too (Newark Airport hotel row). I was in charge of the Dealers' Room...but I wound up on panels discussing such matters as Historical Accuracy in FanFic and Fannish History and Lore.

Filking was fun...Jean Stevenson was in charge of that, and we had a sort-of Bardic Circle one night, and a Concert on another night. I got to sing a whole lot of Moldy Oldy Trekkie stuff, and I got to hear some Blakes's Seven filk...I reminded myself about IDIC, and how everyone deserves a chance....

And so on to the BASH in Boston, which was even smaller than Mostly Eastly Con! Filking was limited...I was the only filker there, and I wanted to see "Flesh Gordon" (which is just as silly as I remembered it, and considerably less sexy.)

CRITICAL REVIEWS

My main fandom these days (after Star Trek:New Generation) is "Alien Nation"...and I am not alone. "AN" seems to really be picking up fans, now that the football season is over. Every episode reveals more about the Newcomers (or Tenctonese, as they call themselves), and each episode leads to the human half of the cop/buddy team becoming less alienated and more humanized.

Which brings me to my new filk: "Newcomer's song"....which is sung to the tune of Niel Diamond's "Solitary Man", sort of. I heard it in an instrumental version on the "Lite music"station, so I may have an extra couple of bars here and there....

NEWCOMER'S SONG

We came from far to this small yellow star,
We are here....we are free.
We didn't know what to do, where to go,
But we're here...and we're free.
The "noble gas" kept us down for a while,
But we have learned how to laugh, how to smile,
And we'll fight for the right
Share the pain, we'll remain,
We are here....we are free.

We got new names, but our souls are the same,
We are here...we are free.
We've got the drive, we were built to survive,
We are here...we are free.
We want to work, we will plan, we will scheme,
We want to share the American dream,
And we'll fight for the right
To remain, say again
We are here....we are free.

It may sound strange, but our live have been changed
Being here...being free.
Overseers cry, but we know we will die
To stay here....and be free.
And if some day our old masters should come
Then we will prove that the Earth is our home
And we'll fight for the right
Share the pain to remain,
To stay here...and be free!

PRO-GRESS REPORT

"Futurespeak" is going great guns. I've handed in 300 pages so far...letters A through O. I've got "P" in First Draft, and I have to do the rewrite...Obviously I'm not going to make my original personal deadline; I do have until August 31, by contract. The Editor is quite pleased...I just hope the book works out the way I want it to. Leah Rosenthal's got some really wild illos in the works!

UPCOMING CONS

I'll be at Luna Con and BaltiCon (unless my husband's operation is imminent, in which case I'll be at the Deborah Hospital).

And the Baron is quite a car...very comfortable, very roomy, and it carries all the STUFF I need.

So...Until next time....Keep on Trekkin'...AGAIN!



composed by Mike Stein, P. O. Box 10420, Arlington, VA 22210 (703)241-2927
CompuServe: 71131,2043

The first three Arlington Symphony concerts have come and gone, and were as time-consuming as I feared. The first consisted of Glinka's *Ruslan and Ludmilla* Overture, Stravinsky's *Firebird* Suite, and Mussorgsky's *Pictures At an Exhibition*. The second contained the Brahms Violin Concerto and Shostakovich's Fifth Symphony. I thought the second concert went extremely well, as did the entire audience with the exception of the critic. The third was a semi-staged version of the first two acts of *Die Fledermaus*. The singers were out front, and had to try to see the conductor using a small TV which was hooked up to a video camera placed in the middle of the woodwinds. This did not work very well when the singers went off to the corners of the stages or did their various bits of stage business with each other and had to look to appropriate places rather than down at the monitor. As you may expect, we had some real coordination problems at the Saturday night performance; things were not helped by the fact that the singers decided to do things differently from the rehearsals. Sunday was a much better performance.

Besides the second concert (I love Brahms!), the high points of the last quarter were Ohio Valley Filk Fest and Confusion. Legend has it that years ago, at a con very far away, a timid young neofilker sat patiently through many songs, and then shyly asked to play something she had written, hoping everyone would like it. You may have heard of her. Her name is Julia Ecklar.

Whether or not that's how Julia got her start, the story repeated itself at OVFF. A slightly-built young woman sat through several hours of Saturday night open filking, classic midwest chaos style, with such luminaries as Juanita Coulson, Michael ("Moonwulf") Longcor, Murray Porath, Barb Riedel, Bill and Carol Poore Roper, Kathy Mar, Cynthia McQuillan, Joey Shoji, Tom Smith, and Barry and Sally Childs-Helton. (No, the list is not complete.) She finally asked to take a turn, saying that her boyfriend would never let her live it down if she went through the whole con without singing something.

Sing "something" she did. Remember this name - Folly Neuhaus. If you're at all interested in filk, you will hear it again. Honesty compels me to state that no, she does not have as rich a voice as Julia. However, she is a songwriter of the first rank. Peter Pan stunned the entire audience. It was lyrically rich and harmonically sophisticated. At the end, it drew a standing ovation. Murray Porath asked, "Okay - who votes we keep her?" and of course every hand went up. Immediately afterwards, as the resident filk virgin, Moonwulf, Murray, and Mark Bernstein gave her the ingenue lead in the best performance of *Have Some Madeira, My Dear* that I can remember, even though she had heard the song before. (I played a bit part as the Tully purveyor, having brought one of the liter bottles I picked up on my trip to Switzerland in May.) Later in the evening she sang another of her own compositions, *Butterfly*, proving that the first was no fluke. Sadly, that's all that she sang that night, but in a brief conversation I managed to have with her at the break for the awards banquet, she mentioned that she had already written sixty to seventy songs. I didn't ask, but I guessed her age at twenty. (I was subsequently informed she's older than she looks - about 29.) At age 34, my entire output is half hers, and that includes the parodies.

Concert performances were given Saturday afternoon by Joey Shoji, Mark Bernstein, Peter Thiesen, Pete Grubbs filling in for Duane Elms who was delayed in traffic, Cynthia McQuillan, Naomi Pardue, and of course the guests of honor, Barry and Sally Childs-Helton. Pete Grubbs is a professional mainstream folksinger from somewhere in western PA whom I encountered for the first time at Noreascon. Mark Bernstein's slot was particularly interesting; he opened with a tour de force musical punfest of a hard-boiled detective

story, and closed with a four-part arrangement of *The Green Hills Of Earth* by someone whose name unfortunately escapes me at the moment.

The awards banquet was the same delicious bargain as last year - \$10 for all one cared to eat of scrambled eggs, cheese blintzes with cherry topping, bacon, sausage, sweet rolls and breads, and orange juice. Duane Elms won the Pegasus for best filksong with *Dawson's Christian*, and tied with Kathy Mar for best writer/composer. Bill Sutton's *Do It Yourself* grabbed the honors for best techie song; *Technical Difficulties* took best performer, and Misty Lackey and Leslie Fish won the etched slate for best fantasy song, *Wind's Four Quarters*. Earlier in the evening, Moonwulf edged out Tom Smith for best drinking song or they tied - I heard both stories, though I wasn't there.

At the one-shots, I premiered *Watchman*, based of course on the graphic novel *Watchmen*. Nervousness actually helped the performance - the bridge includes a sustained vocal trill, and I did it better than I ever had in practice. During the evening filk, I gave the first performance of *In Praise Of Cats*, a lighthearted look at our feline friends. Unfortunately, I was not feeling well for the weekend, so I was not as active as I would have liked to have been. *Not All Songs Are For Heroes* drew a comment of "neat song" from Joey Shoji. Since the Joey Shoji scale (explained by Mary Ellen Wessels in the program book) tops out at "pretty OK," I take that as a high compliment. As alluded to above, I brought along a liter of Tullamore Dew to share; a little more than half the bottle was poured out Saturday night. I guess people are cutting down on their liquor consumption!

I received a letter from Cynthia McQuillan asking me if I wanted to participate in the concert programming for Consonance, the replacement for Bayfilk in March. Two guesses as to my response. The progress report says that an anonymous benefactor (and it ain't me, folks, honest) has offered to pay Tom Smith's way to the con. That will be nice; Tom's financial position has varied over the years from poor to destitute, and even midwestern cons have been a strain on his resources.

Wail Songs asked for permission for four songs I did at Noreascon - *Not All Songs Are For Heroes* and *Frozen Dreams*, both of which have appeared in these pages, plus *Thank You* and *How Can I Keep From Filking*.

I attended Philcon the weekend before Thanksgiving. Philcon was the very first science fiction convention I ever attended. (I was living in Michigan at the time, but some friends were going to be there.) This year, it was at the Adam's Mark in Philadelphia proper, rather than King of Prussia. The convention was somewhat disappointing, though the art show was one of the best I've ever seen outside a Worldcon. Once again, I was reminded what a comparative filk wasteland the eastern seaboard is. Carol Kabakjian, publisher of *Philly Filk Flash*, was pushing ConCerto, a filk con in Cherry Hill, NJ (suburb of Philly) next June. Julia Ecklar will be there, and is trying to collect enough money to bring Joey Shoji in from California. I decided to skip the Arlington Symphony pops concert in order to attend.

At Confusion, my program book informed me that filk concerts would be given by members of the Black Book Band (in this case Michael Kube-MacDowell, Mary Ellen Wessels, and Gwen Zak), Folly Neuhaus (who unfortunately came down with a virus and had to cancel), Kevin Davies, Clif Flynt, Marty Burke (a Detroit area mainstream Irish performer), and a special surprise guest. Tim Ryan, the concom member in charge of filking, informed me that I was the special surprise(d) guest. I picked up three nice pieces at the art show (a Linda Michaels, a Kevin Davies painting, and a 3-D glass, metal, and mineral piece). I even came up a winner in the poker game.

Also at Confusion, I spoke with someone whose reason for not going to Con2bile in England was that Frank Hayes and Teri Lee were scheduled to be the guests of honor, and this person "did not want to have anything to do with honoring them." (Frank and Teri were replaced by Meg Davis, but this news came too late to get cheap airline tickets.) The same person told me that several others stayed away for the same reason.

This is getting out of hand. The way I see it, staying home from Con2bile is not punishing Frank and Teri. It's punishing the Brits, who probably have little idea what's going on. (I'll have a better idea in two weeks, as I'm going.) The most recent issue of *Harpings* says that Misty Lackey has refused to grant permission for any more recording of *Arafel's Song* with Kathy Mar's tune, and has commissioned a new tune from Leslie Fish. (The article also mentions that there's some sort of flap due to the fact that Bob Laurent of Wail released a con tape without Misty's permission, thinking that Kathy Mar had power of agency.) Just what is Misty hoping to accomplish by this? If Misty thinks any of us are in this for the money, perhaps it's time for a reality check. I calculate that Kathy stands to make a whopping \$10 or so from the one song on the tape in question. IMHO, Misty's shooting herself in the foot, as I consider Kathy Mar to be a much more interesting musician than Leslie Fish. (This is an artistic, not a personal judgement - I am quite capable of panning friends and praising people I dislike personally, if my critical faculties so dictate.) She's also shooting the rest of us who might like to hear the tapes. Kathy can sing the song any time she feels like it (or is Misty going to bug her shower?), and \$10 isn't going to break her.

OK, so maybe Wail goofed in releasing a tape based on Kathy's assertion that she had agenting authority. But I don't think it was malicious, and I think this business of not permitting Wail to use any Firebird artist's material is an extreme overreaction, as is this business of staying away from cons because of who might be there. I take my music far too seriously to let these petty, childish squabbles interfere with my singing and my listening.

If the people involved in the dispute want to give all their money to lawyers as they sue each other into the poorhouse, that's fine with me. If they want never to have to speak to each other for their next seventeen reincarnations, that's their business. But they do NOT have the right to spill their poison into the filk community at large. They do NOT have the right to expect the rest of us to take sides. This was supposed to be something we did for fun. How did they ever manage to forget that?

Kayvan, the Iranian, moved out of the house in December. I was sorry to see him go; not only was he a very good tenant, but it's always a pain to have to find someone new - especially in the winter. I only got a third as many calls as I did last spring, although part of the reduction is because I advertised for a nonsmoker this time. The problems with Jim, who smokes in his room, convinced me that while saying no smoking the house sometimes works (as it did with Kayvan), it's just a whole lot easier to go with a nonsmoker. Not only is there no problem with them trying to bend the rules, but their friends are likelier to be nonsmokers as well. Since I had to place an ad anyway, I'm really sorry I didn't evict Jim when he dropped a glass in the laundry room and didn't bother to sweep it up. (I gave him a very stern lecture instead.) I may end up chucking him out anyway; I certainly shall if he ever pulls such an inconsiderate stunt again. I'm a very tolerant person, but Jim has been trying to slide by with the minimum amount of cooperation.

The person I offered the room to kept missing appointments and failed to return my phone calls. One of the people I turned down, a Moroccan student, was still looking, so I offered the room to him instead. Unfortunately, he

was not able to put down the security deposit. I was afraid that if he was for any reason unable to take it, I would not be able to rent the room until the beginning of March, due to my travel schedule. I advertised again and found a nurse from Rochester, NY who will be moving down while I'm in England.

This was the coldest December on record in the DC area, and it certainly showed up in our heating bills. This house is not very well insulated, I'm afraid; I'll have to take that up with the landlady. I also am worried that she'll try to raise the rent again in March. If she does, I may decide to move out. Running this place is enough of a headache already; if the price goes much higher, I may decide to pay the difference for the privacy of my own apartment. Unfortunately, I don't think I have enough yet to buy a place of my own. She did replace the dishwasher, which had a broken door gasket and wasn't working that well anyway.

I had one thought when hearing that Our President had ordered troops into Panama to uphold democracy: couldn't he have waited until at least a month after he sent Brent Scowcroft to make kissy faces with the butchers of Tiananmen Square? National Review reports that as in Romania, China executed 109 soldiers for refusing to fire on the students.

* * * * *

C O U N T E R P O I N T

Mark Blackman - And of course, "You can sing anything you want to Alice's Restaurant." I've done Battle Hymn to it, among other things. (ct me) What were you doing in Morocco? At Confusion, Kevin Davies (artist GOH) thought Frozen Dreams was a real throat-slasher.

John Boardman - At OVFF, Renee was out of her halo (and into a devil costume). She says her arthritis seems to be lessening as well, but she still does not have as much mobility as she had before the accident.

* * * * *

In Praise of Cats

Words and Music Copyright 1989 by Michael P. Stein

People ask, "What's the use of a cat?"
And I feel that I must make some answer to that,
For aside from just eating and sleeping and such,
It might seem that a cat doesn't do very much.
But cat owners know when their cats are awake,
Two hours before dawn, when the house starts to shake,
They'll race to your room, then bounce up to your bed,
Take a turn at your feet, do a dance on your head....

Yet a cat can be loyal and true.
A cat loves to show you just what it can do.
It runs close behind as you go everywhere,
Then runs just ahead as you start down the stair.
A cat shows affection by flexing its paws
As it tickles your chest with its needle-sharp claws.
If your cat loves you well, it will tell you you're sweet
By laying an almost-dead mouse at your feet....

Now, a cat helps some folks to survive,
For it keeps the upholstering business alive.
Though you give it a carpeted post of its own,
It prefers your best sofa when you're not at home.
And if you have two, then you've four times the fun,
For when you confront them with what they have done,
That innocent look, it is always the same,
As each cat will tell you the other's to blame....

So just what is the use of a cat?
I'm afraid that I don't have an answer to that,
For I'm forced to admit that there is no excuse;
A cat in the house has no practical use.
Yet still, when I'm lonely and feeling quite blue,
My cats seem to know just the right thing to do;
They rub up against me with silky soft fur
Curl up in my lap with a soft, loving purr,
And perhaps, after all, it is no more than that -
The one practical use - quite a wonderful use -
The best possible use of a cat.

Well, since it looks like I need three sheets of paper for this issue
anyway, why not put the space to good use?

How Can I Keep From Filking?
Words copyright 1986 by Michael Stein
Music "How Can I Keep From Singing", trad. Quaker hymn

My voice flows on in endless song
Above all protestation
To sing a hymn, though far-off key,
My fav'rite recreation.
Above the catcalls and the groans
Of poets and their ilk, Eng-
Lish never was abused like this.
How can I keep from filking?

But though the list'ners loudly roar
Hostility revealing
And though grim faces round me close,
Songs in the night I'm stealing.
No threats can shake my inmost calm
As corny jokes I'm milking.
I love the wordplay and the puns.
How can I keep from filking?

Musicians tremble, sick with fear
To hear my loud voice ringing;
While friends just simply disappear.
They can't keep me from singing.
No song is safe from my abuse.
On tunes I'll work my will, King-
Dom Come won't dare give me a harp.
How can I keep from filking?

Watchman

Words and Music Copyright 1989 by Michael P. Stein

a d a
Here I sit and watch the world go by upon each TV screen,
F G a
Random blots reveal the world's insanity within each scene.
F G a
Pondering the march of human history before my eyes.
G a
Only I can see the path that clear before me lies.

Step by step I build my plan in answer to a desperate need,
Wond'ring will the world acclaim or curse my name if I succeed,
Working slowly so that no suspect or can detect my crime,
Afraid the world is running out of time.

F a G a
Who leads all our leaders like lemmings to the sea?
F a E F
While I watch the watchmen, who watches over me?
a G F a
And if I cry halt as we head toward the fall,
G F G;E a
Am I the only sane one - or am I craziest of all?

Foolish mortals, do you dare to dream that you can stop my plan?
How can you pretend you can contend with hist'ry's wisest man?
Though you're here, you're much to late to stop the fate that I prepare.
Now look upon my work - and despair.

Once again I sit and watch the world go by upon my throne.
Living in the peace I brought, the man you fought now dreams alone.
Though to all the world I show a face without a trace of care
I look upon my work - and I despair.

And finally, a one-verse throwaway. When I heard Kathy Mar's beautiful Velveteen, about how a toy is loved despite its imperfections, I couldn't help but think about how our attitudes towards defective products has changed since that story was written.

Velveteen Non Curat Lex

Words: Michael Stein

Music: Velveteen, copyright 1987 by Kathy Mar

When I was born and taken home, all cuddled soft and warm,
I didn't know at all that there were defects in my form.
But now some lawyer says that I have left some marks behind,
And says that I should have to pay a million dollar fine.

And I can only hope that some judge will know just how I feel,
And love me, though I'm shabby - so that I'll win on appeal.

Friday evening of **Philcon** (Philadelphia, Nov. 17-19) Roberta Rogow & I were interviewed by Henry Jenkins, someone who's been coming to filksongs to write a scholarly paper on filk. He wondered why non-media filkers were more tolerant of media filkers than fandom as a whole was toward media fans. I suggested (and Roberta, a *Trek* filker, concurred) that the sub-fandom was not yet large enough to have thus specialized, but give it time. (Filksongs are already split by style/format of presentation - Midwestern, Bardic Circle.) I also gave him APA-Filk's address and noted specifically the issue with Margaret's classification.

A couple of months ago, Mark Russell satirized Sen. Jesse Helms' attempts to muzzle the National Endowment for the Arts (tune "The Last Time I Saw Paris"):

Each still life must pass muster, / A fruit bowl overwhelms --
Those oranges and ba-na-na / Are obscene to Jesse Helms!

And last December, the Capitol Steps marked the season with:

We three men, ex-Reaganites are, / Nancy wants our heads in a jar.
Regan, Ollie North, Poindexter, / We are all falling stars ...

While there was no filksinging per se at **Hexacon** (Bird-in-Hand, PA, Jan. 5-7), there were tournaments of *Encore* (one in my room), a trivia game involving the singing of songs with lyrics that use certain words ... and filksongs were used to qualify.

& ----- THE MELODY LINGERS : Comments on APA-Filk #44 ----- &

COVER 44: Poseidon, the Earthshaker, is indeed god of earthquakes.

JERSEY FLATS/Roberta Rogow: Congratulations on selling the Dictionary. I refer you to Maxim Jakubowsky's & Malcolm Edwards' *The SF Book of Lists* (Berkley) which defines 15 sf terms from "android" to "waldo" (which are now in use under that name). "Bat Durston" was created by HL Gold to show the kind of stories one wouldn't find in *Galaxy*. // One synopsis of *TREK V* went: "The Enterprise meets the most powerful and dangerous force in the Universe: William Shatner's ego." And mine of *ALIEN NATION*: "There's my argument - restrict immigration."

DC AL FINE/Mike Stein: After a line to get into the DC party, I couldn't face another for a slice of beef or turkey. # Tim Illingworth. // "Beltway Bandits" is all-too-true. Tom Paxton has a song about selling a hammer to the Pentagon.

ANAKREON/John Boardman: Re Dinkins, remember how, because Salem had hired a Town Witch as a tourist gimmick, Dukakis was accused of having a witch (which, to Middle America, = Satanist) on his staff? # Right, Quakers don't have a clergy. // ct Stein> Isn't it curious how the Evil Monolithic Soviet Empire feels less threatened by the overthrow of Communist regimes on its border than the US felt by Noriega? ("Operation Just Cause" - sheesh!) // A Canadian production of *The Mikado* had "the [Quebec] Separatist" on the list. // On the above-mentioned show, Mark Russell observed that "World War II was fought to Big Band music ... Vietnam rock music, and the words of the songs talked everybody out of fighting the war." On the other hand, a weird footnote to the US invasion of Panama was the US assault against the Vatican embassy (where Noriega was hiding out) with loud rock music (no, it's not a redundancy) - songs like "I Fought the Law and the Law Won" & "You're No Good". // Re Jeff Poretsky, I've already done an index of deities & lesser mortals in "Real Old-Time Religion" (btw, there are no verses on Derketo or Castle Rising - yet), though not of verses' authors. // Re Deb Wunder's song, Marc Glasser notes that it's the first filk song about NYUSFS (btw, it's "nu", like the Greek letter, not the Yiddish interjection) since "Fen of Deli" (tune "Men of Harlech"), and adds:

May I suggest the replacement of "A table seating ten" with "Place settings for ten", and "and puns assault our ears" with "and the puns pelt [or fill, or clog] our ears", by way of scansion improvement?

Jb

THEY'LL SING IN SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM THIS TIME
perpetrated for APA-Filk #44 & 45 by Margaret Middleton
PO Box 45122, Little Rock, AR 72214
(501)327-8272; CompuServe 71525,1372

MAILING COMMENTS: REF "WE'RE HERE" FOR GENERAL NATTERS

Me: I see my comments originally perpetrated for #41 finally made it into print in the correct apa.

Mike: re: Renee; Lazarus Long once said, "There is only one way to comfort a widow..." Sounds like you and Tom made the best attempt possible given the physical limitations of the bereaved. re: Airfares; this is one of the few current examples of pure market-demand capitalism. Where there is competition rates are competitive. Where there is not, they are extortionate. If you want to fly that route badly enough, you will pay their price. If not enough folks want to fly that route, they either drop the price or drop the route. Re: Nancy Janda; next time you see her, encourage-away on the 3-D but don't mention the 2-D unless pressed. This is called consumer feedback. (More of that capitalism...)

Mark B. RAEBNC

John B. RAEBNC

Comments on #44

Which I had *really, truly*, intended to get "We're Here" ready in time for...

Mark B. RAEBNC

Roberta: Good luck on the dictionary project. I notice that Rick Weiss in The Filking Times has begun a "Filkopedia" column, defining filkish terms (with tongue firmly in cheek, of course). // I haven't seen the Trek movie, but I agree highly on the Indy movie. Didn't see either Batman or Alien Nation.//

Mike S. I should send you my Apafilk stuff to copy and pass along to John B. That would save me 50% on my copying costs and would help you remember the schedule. That is, if I get my stuff ready on time...

John B. I see we continue to plug onward toward #666...//I know the finance page says I have money left in the account, but all my mundane magazines seem to be coming due for renewal, so I will try to include some either with this or shortly thereafter.

WE ARE HERE

A DUPLICATE ZINE FOR BOTH MY APAS
Perpetrated by Margaret Middleton
PO Box 45122, Little Rock, AR 72214
phone (501)327-8272

The dust has pretty-much settled from the moving, now, and the boxes are all removed from the public areas of the house (but don't look in the Radio Shack or the Fan Hole...). We have even got a fighting chance of getting all the grass mowed (including the pond levees) before Spring re-starts the race.

There is some bad news, though: our old cat (almost 16 yrs.) had to be put to sleep the middle of September and the stray kitten we had adopted as a replacement came down with something drastic and died a week later. Did you know it costs \$45 to get a cat autopsied? It turned out to have been a generalized septic infection rather than something I and Sharon Amanda would have had to get immunizations against, fortunately (for us).

Where we are now located is in the country east of Conway, AR, along US-64 which connects Conway with Beebe. We are just about straight north of Little Rock and slightly west-of-north of Little Rock AFB. It is a good thing I like airplanes, because we get daily parades of Herky-birds enroute out for training missions: LRAFB is "Herky-Bird U", where aircrews for the Lockheed C-130 Hercules transports used by both our own and allied airforces are trained. There are also miscellaneous helicopters and other as-yet-unidentified aircraft wandering overhead at random intervals.

I have been more than a little preoccupied with this move since the middle of July, when the house purchase deal closed. We signed the paperwork July 14, and I drove to Tulsa that same afternoon for OKon. As soon as I got back from that weekend and got M-cubed's stuff inventoried back into the boxes, it seems like we started hauling boxes for the move. First from our storage cube in Little Rock up to one of the outbuildings here, and then general house stuff up to the new house, once Mr. & Mrs. Henderson were vacated. Since we now have a station wagon and a pickup truck, we only had to rent a smallish U-Haul truck for one day this time. There were perhaps a dozen pieces of furniture which simply would not fit into the Dakota truck, even with the camper-shell removed. That truck, by the way, has proved worthy of its illustrious namesake in this project.

Oct 22: Well, the earthquake has come and gone and most of the fannish population of the Bay Area is safely accounted-for. I talked to Eric Gerd's Wednesday evening and he said the Los Angeles-area group had set up a "designated caller" to do the attempts at contacting Bay Area folks so-as to not add avoidably to the swamping of phone lines.

Jan. 14, 1990

You know that card that says "Things are getting worse...send chocolate"? Well, make mine a semi-load.

Soonercon went well, aside from the demise of my guitarstrings. It was 30-odd degrees out when I loaded the car that Friday morning, and I didn't remember to loosen the strings until I got to the parking lot at work, roughly an hour later. It was too late. I wound up borrowing guitars for the weekend from Kip McMurray and Sherry Ashberger Pound. I did decent business at my table, returning with a nice bundle to restock and invest in convention futures. I had intended to do my paperwork after returning from my mother's, whither we were bound for Thanksgiving.

I wound up spending that week making funeral arrangements instead. We had got to Wichita on the afternoon of Thanksgiving, to find that Mom had been taken to the hospital that morning, with a heart attack. She had had quad bypass surgery some 10 years earlier, and the catheterization exam on Friday revealed that 3 of the 4 graft points had re-closed. She was scheduled for surgery on Monday to attempt to repair the grafts. Sunday night late she developed a sudden murmur and required another catheterization, which revealed a hole in the septum between 2 of the heart chambers. This was added to the fix-list for Monday. Apparently, however, the attack on Thursday had done too much damage to the heart muscle, because when the time came Monday evening to re-start the heart, it would not get its act together.

This took the whole family understandably by surprise. There had been no indication (at least none she had reported) earlier of problems with the bypass grafts. She did leave a will, but otherwise her affairs were in the normal state of day-to-day chaos.

It will be late March before I have enough annual leave time accumulated to take a week off and go back to Wichita and excavate her garage, storage cube, and dresser drawers. This will scratch-off my contemplated trip to AggieCon (for the first time since at least 1983 and maybe 1982), which is at the end of the proposed week. Fortunately I had not got hold of them to ask about dealer table availability and send a check. In the absence of an available table-slave, I will not be having a table at ROC*KON, either. So it looks like OKon again before I have a selling-trip. (*Translations: before I have enough leave-days accumulated to be able to take off for a con-trip*)

I do have this 3-day weekend in January, though, and I am working on getting issue #21 of *Harpings* printed, collated, and ready to mail, as well as this apa. Sharon Amanda does not have tomorrow off school, so I plan to head directly for Kinko's after I drop her off, and spend the morning in Xeroxery. If I can get the mailing labels run-off before leaving for Little Rock, I might be able to leave the whole pile in the drop-box in front of the PO tomorrow afternoon, since I have the stamps already bought.

ANAKREON

#45, APA-Filk Mailing #45

1 February 1990

THE CHORILLO CAROL

(Tune: "The Agincourt Carol")

George Bush went forth to Panamaw
To try to prove that he's the law,
To punch a drug lord in the jaw,
And grasp a nation in his paw.

CHORUS: Deo clamans, America
Non orat pro victoria.

It happened on a winter's day,
He sent in his troops to burn and slay.
Although the law forbade such play,
He went and did it anyway.

CHORUS:

Chorillo was the part of town
Where George Bush laid his firestorm down.-
This victory gave him such great renown -
Two thousand corpses baked and brown.

CHORUS:

George Bush defied a treaty's ban
To prove that he is a real man.
Two thousand died - that was his plan,
And now he'll do it to Iran.

CHORUS:

Now praise our President, please do,
And proudly display the red, white and blue.
So many died, and yet more will too,
So Bush can win in 'ninety-two.

CHORUS:

(More details on the oldest tune I've ever filked are on p. 9.)

XIX. The Unfashionable Facts

It has been a year since this feature appeared, in which what would now be called a filksong of days gone by is reprinted. But the circumstances seem to call for it. "The Red Flag" was written in 1889 by British trade unionist James Connell. The tune is the eminently filkable German song Tannenbaum. "The Red Flag" has been since its founding the anthem of the British Labour Party, which sings it in a slow, solemn meter somewhat different from the other songs which have been written to this tune.

The Red Flag

The workers' flag is deepest red,
It shrouded oft our martyred dead;
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold
Their life-blood dyed its very fold.

CHORUS: Then raise the scarlet banner high;
Beneath its folds we'll live and die,
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

Look 'round, the Frenchman loves its blaze,
The sturdy German ~~sings~~ its praise;
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung,
Chicago swells the surging throng.

CHORUS:

It waved above our infant might
When all ahead seemed dark as night;
It witnessed many a deed and vow,
We will not change its color now.

CHORUS:

It suits today the meek and base,
Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place,
To cringe beneath the rich man's frown
And haul that sacred emblem down.

CHORUS:

With heads uncovered swear we all
To bear it onward till we fall;
Come dungeons dark or gallows grim,
This song shall be our parting hymn.

CHORUS:

Like so many rousers from the history of socialism, this comes from "The Little Red Songbook", more properly Songs of the Workers, published by the IWW (Industrial Workers of the World), Suite 202, 3435 N. Sheffield, Chicago, IL 60657.

"The Red Flag" carries sentiments which are supposedly out of fashion today. Yet the state of affairs described at the beginning of the IWW preamble are still with us today: "The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life." The former assertion can be verified by a stroll through any part of a large city where the homeless congregate, while the latter can be supported in the very society pages where the rich and their chroniclers describe the fashions and fetes at which they display their wealth and pride.

Nothing going on in eastern Europe has changed this, and the downfall of ossified party bureaucracies resembling in great detail the employing class of the capitalist nations can not be a source of regret to anyone whose sentiments "The Red Flag" expresses. Indeed, eastern Europe may soon provide a case history in such conditions as the IWW preamble laments. Already, consortia of American and western European industrialists are moving in on eastern Europe with offers that those nations will find it difficult to refuse. (Ronald Lauder, whose last effort in public life was satirized by David E. Schwartz in ANAKREON #43, is part of a syndicate that is going to promote business deals in Hungary, to the ultimate profit of guess who.) Remember

THE MINISTRY OF FINANCE

APA-Filk is a quarterly journal of folksongs and folksinging, to which members contribute. A Mailing is assembled on the first day of each February, May, August, and November, by John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11225-5302. The copy count is 60. If you want APA-Filk mailed to you, send a few dollars for a postage account. With each Mailing you will be informed of the balance of your account. As of 31 January 1990 these were the balances of the following active accounts:

Greg Baker	\$1.09	J. Spencer Love	\$7.97	Karen Shaub	\$2.52
Mark Blackman	\$12.06	Lois Mangan	\$6.54	Glenn Simser	\$5.96
Bob Fitch	\$1.40	Matthew Marcus	\$1.14	Beverly Slayton	\$12.99
Harold Groot	\$6.08	Margaret Middleton	\$3.61	Mike Stein	\$7.56
Jordin Kare	\$5.65	Doreen Miller	\$7.01	Peter Thiesen	\$1.27
Cheryl Lloyd	\$10.07	Pete Seeger	\$5.80	Sol Weber	89¢

In addition, Bob Lipton, Jeff Poretsky, Lana Raymond, and Jane Sibley receive APA-Filk on their accounts for APA-Q, an amateur press association of comment on science-fiction, fantasy, and other topics, which is published here on every third Saturday. In the blank at the right is the state of your balance including costs for this present 45th Mailing of APA-Filk.

Accounts which fall into arrears, or for which copies of APA-Filk come back in the mail, will be suspended. Suspended accounts are listed below:

Harry Andruschak	-14¢	Leslie Lyons	-49¢	Rathy Sands	-12¢
Sally & Barry		Randall McDougall	-65¢	Elliot K. Shorter	-\$2.00
Childs-Helton	-74¢	Dena Mussaf	-87¢	Nick Simichich	-69¢
Sean Cleary	-38¢	Deirdre & Jim		Dana Snow	-15¢
Gerald Collins	-10¢	Rittenhouse	-15¢	Rick Weiss	-\$1.25
Paul Doerr	-50¢	Michael Rubin	-82¢	Paul Willett	-\$1.23
Mistie Joyce	\$6.86				

GETTING CAUGHT UP

Although the 1989 crop was meager, the 1 November issue of ANAKREON is traditionally the one in which that year's crop of new verses to "That Real Old-Time Religion" is printed. And this one came 15 days after the big earthquake in California, which did so much damage to San Francisco and nearby cities. So Mark Blackman's cover is a clever combination of the two - contrasting Poseidon, the ancient Greek god of earthquakes, with St. Francis of Assisi, patron of the city of San Francisco. To make up for the suspension of the World Series which the quake caused, Mark gave us the score: "Poseidon 1, St. Francis 0."

Singspiel #44 (Blackman): Yes, "it's a filkers' truism that just about anything can be sung to either 'Battle Hymn of the Republic' or 'Greensleeves'." However, it was a bit too much when some California fans discovered that Robert Heinlein's "The Green Hills of Earth" can be sung to the tune of the Coca Cola commercial which begins, "I'd like to teach the world to sing..." Since Coca Cola is said to be reviving this commercial, we may be in for a reprise. However, "The Green Hills of Earth" does have a perfectly good tune of its own.

Nope, the word I want is "vexillolatry". Vexillum is Latin for flag or banner, and latra is Latin for worship. You will find the latter word in such combinations as "idolatry" and "bibliolatry". During the Middle Ages a very popular hymn was Vexilla regis prodeunt, "The King's Banners Advance". This hymn was filked by no one less than Dante, who at the beginning of the last Canto of The Inferno, as he and Virgil get to the bottom of Hell, has Virgil say, in Ciardi's translation, "On march the banners of the King - of Hell."

Jersey Flats #20 (Rogow): Congratulations on selling Futurespeak!

"Bat Durston story" first appeared in ads in and for Galaxy in the early 1950s.

I don't know whether it was original with then-editor H. L. Gold.

Star Trek V had problems everywhere. In his column in the New York Post of 31 January 1990, Richard Johnson reports that it is in the running for Worst Picture of 1989 in the Golden Raspberry Awards, which sounds like a mainstream version of the Hogu. "The film faces stiff competition, though, from such stiffs as Heart of Dixie ("Valley girls, like, discover civil rights - okay?"), Lock-Up ("Sylvestuh in Da Slam-muh") and Return of Swamp Thing ("a creature feature featuring no discernible talent").

These "Razzies" will be given in the 10th annual Golden Raspberry Award ceremonies, on 25 March 1990 - the night before the Oscar winners are announced. They will include "the nadir of cinematic achievement for the '80s." Howard the Duck is among the candidates, and John Wilson, the founder of the Razzies, is electioneering for Mommie Dearest, but my personal favorite is Rambo: First Blood II.

D. C. al Fine #6 (Stein): Thanks for the WorldCon report. Filk certainly seems to have been greatly in evidence there.

Oh, I am long familiar with this argument. Whenever I venture the opinion that peace is preferable to war, some natural-born straight man is sure to say "What would you do if Hitler..." or "What would you do if Stalin..." I, of course, point out that both of them have been dead for many years. This does no good, however; militarists seem adamantly convinced that they are still alive. Sometimes there is a variation: "What would you do if it were 1939 and..." In vain do I point out that my calendar reads 1990.

"If a whole bunch of someones try to come into my country shooting guns, I consider it legitimate to take steps to make them stop." Fine. I suppose that now you, like I, are cheering every bullet that a Panamanian puts into one of the invaders of his country.

My current duplicating cost is something like 7¢ or 8¢ a page with photoduplicators. Mimeography is still a good deal cheaper.

ANAKREON #44 (me): I misnumbered the verses of "That Real Old-Time Religion" in this issue, and only imperfectly corrected them. They are actually 636 through 640.

He has only been in office a month, but so far Mayor Dinkins has shown no disposition to give in to pressure from religious leaders. Nor is there any reason why he should, since he has now achieved the highest political office he can reasonably expect. It has been well over 100 years since any Mayor of New York City has gone on to any higher office.

GRACELESS NOTES

ANAKREON, in addition to circulating through APA-Filk, also goes to people who get my s-f/fantasy fanzine DAGON. DAGON is 12 issues for \$10. It also circulates through APA-Q, an amateur press association which is collated and mailed out here on every third Saturday. (The deadline for the next Distribution of APA-Q, the 311th, is 17 February 1990.) The copy count of APA-Q is 35 and, like APA-Filk, it is available for postage money.

*

The Good Coffeehouse is once more functioning at the headquarters of the Brooklyn Ethical Culture Society on the first and third Friday evening of each month. Upcoming artists for the next few sessions are:

16 February: Ken Perlman, "one of today's most influential clawhammer banjo and fingerstyle guitar players." His repertory includes southern traditional Scottish, Irish, and Cape Breton Island songs.

2 March: Ridley Enslow & Peter Becker with "contemporary folk and cowboy tunes."

16 March: Jumbo String Band, a bluegrass group which has previously made well-received appearances at the Good.

The Brooklyn Society for Ethical Culture is at 53 Prospect Park West (between 1st and 2nd Streets), Brooklyn, NY 11215. Doors open at 8:45 PM, and performances begin at 9:30. Admission is \$5, and there is free coffee, tea, and munchies. Usually tapes by the performers are on sale.

If the Good Coffee House follows its usual pattern, there will also be performances on the first and third Fridays of April, May, and June, but no information has yet been given out about the performers.

*

The last two issues of ANAKREON had filksongs about New York City's recent mayoral campaign. But other people were filking too, according to an article that appeared in the New York Times on Election Day. Todd S. Purdum reported that these songs were "all of them unofficial, many of them unsolicited, and most of them unchanted."

Some professionals got into the act. The verse to the right is from Burton Lane, co-composer with the late "Yip" Harburg of Finian's Rainbow, who filked his "Look to the Rainbow" for the purpose.

A 34-year-old garbage collector named Daniel P. Berke had the audacity to filk the Democratic anthem "Happy Days Are Here Again" to promote the candidacy of the Republican Rudolph Giuliani. In order for it to make sense you have to realize that the name of the former mayor whom he cites in the second line is often pronounced "La Guardier", and that the New York dialect often treats the letter 'r' as a virtually negligible vowel.

Negative filksongs also got into the campaign. "The Giuliani campaign received one unsolicited submission - set to the tune "Sunny" - about Robert C. (Sonny) Carson, a former Dinkins campaign aide who described himself as anti-white." (And who Dinkins promptly booted out of his campaign team as soon as he realized that some low-level munchkin had signed him on.) "Mr. Giuliani's aides said they have lost the lyrics to that one."

One whose lyrics they didn't lose is the verse to the right, by one Jack Yourman, "A Vote for Dinkin' is Unthinkin'". It seems particularly ironic now that Dinkins is in office and is turning out to be a tightwad almost of the proportions of Abe Beame, who served one term as mayor in the 1970s and paid so little attention to the city's vital financial needs that he came in a bad third when he ran for renomination.

*

Our unsingable national anthem is in the news again. Repr. Andrew Jacobs (D, IN) had an article in the 26 November 1989 issue of Parade, in which he supported replacing "The Star-Spangled Banner" by "America the Beautiful". He correctly points out that "The Star-Spangled Banner" is to the tune of an English drinking song, but does not observe that an undistinguished hack named Samuel Augustus Ward swiped the tune of "America the Beautiful" from a French song called "Gallia".

Granted, there are some problems with "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Vote, vote, vote for Dave Dinkins.
Why vote for skim milk when you
can have cream?
Vote, vote, vote for Dave Dinkins.
Follow that fellow who follows a
dream.

He'll change bad things from the way they were.
He'll be the best we had since La Guardia.
New York deserves the best, so let's give it
to her,
Rudy G.'s the man for me!

If Dinkins gets elected,
It will be a sorry joke.
In no time flat, or less than that,
New York City will go broke.

This is	
O	At
P	Great
E	Intervals
R	This
A	Appears
T	To
I	Inflame
O	Optic
N	Nerves

1590

YESTERFILK (continued from p. 2)

that the people of eastern Europe have had for over forty years no experience in dealing with capitalists who smell a profit. This is going to hit them like smallpox hit the Indians.

In the first free elections, the eastern European Communists, and possibly also other parties calling themselves socialist, will get clobbered. It is the second free elections there that will be interesting. By then clusters of homeless will have appeared in the streets of Budapest and Bucharest, and a lot of people will begin to realize that, no matter who gets rich in the new capitalist Utopia, they won't. Ancient ethnic antagonisms will resurface, nations will remember that they have old claims on their neighbors' lands, the position of the Jews will worsen, elderly Nazi collaborators will reappear in public life - and "The Red Flag" or equivalent songs will once again be heard in the streets.

It is currently popular to say that events in eastern Europe prove that Marxist economics are invalid. This is the viewpoint of the yokel who sees his first airplane and believes that the law of gravity has been repealed.

*

There are variants in the text of "The Red Flag". The Socialist Song Book, published in 1959 by Owen Fleischman of the Young Socialists League, has "every" rather than "very" in the last line of the first verse, and it does scan better. An entirely different second verse is given, probably because the internationalist flavor of the original was embarrassing to the YSL. And the obsolete word "pelf" is replaced in the fourth verse by "self"; "wealth" would also do. This fourth verse is a particular favorite with unreconstructed Stalinists, who regard everything that has happened since as a sell-out of the noble early days of struggle.

"The Red Flag" was by no means the first filk done to Tannenbaum, which with a translation of its original words is still sometimes heard as a Christmas carol. The song probably came to the U. S. with the large German immigration of the mid-19th century, and was put to a base use in 1861 by James Ryder Randall (1839-1908), a Marylander then teaching at a college in Louisiana. Randall heard the news that Massachusetts troops were attacked by a Baltimore mob as they passed through on their way to suppress the Slaveholders' Rebellion, and he wrote nine verses which he called "Maryland, My Maryland". In frenetic language the song urges the Marylanders to rise and join the other slave states in rebellion. After their mauling by the Massachusetts and New York troops, the Marylanders did no such thing. Nevertheless, this shameful appeal became, and still remains, the state song of Maryland, despite recent efforts to throw it out.

*

Another verse from "The Little Red Songbook" may also be germane to the present situation. The U. S. government seems to believe that one of the dividends from the upheavals in eastern Europe will be a free hand in dealing with certain Central American nations who have lately shown a disposition to reject the commands of Washington. (Or, as an old Central American proverb has it, "When America pisses, Panama swims.") And so a new relevance appears to this poem by the IWW's laureate Ralph Chapin, which was what all of this is leading to. No tune is mentioned with these verses, but one could probably be worked up.

The Red Feast

Go fight, you fools! Tear up the earth with strife
 And spill each other's guts upon the field;
 Serve unto death the men you served in life
 So that their wide dominions may not yield.

Stand by the flag - the lie that still allures;
 Lay down your lives for land you do not own,
 And give unto a war that is not yours
 Your gory tithe of mangled flesh and bone.

But whether in the fray to fall or kill
 You must not **pause to** question why nor where.
 You see the tiny crosses on that hill?
 It took all those to make one millionaire.

It was for him the seas of blood were shed,
 That fields were razed and cities lit the sky;
 That he might come to chortle o'er the dead;
 The condor thing for whom the millions die!

The bugle screams, the cannons cease to roar,
 "Enough! enough! God give us peace again."
 The rats, the maggots, and the Lords of War
 Are fat to bursting from their meal of men.

So stagger back, you stupid dupes who've "won",
 Back to your stricken towns to toil anew,
 For **there** your dismal tasks are still undone
 And grim starvation gropes again for you.

What matters now your flag, your race, the skill
 Of scattered legions - what has been the gain?
 Once more beneath the lash you must distill
 Your lives to glut a glory wrought of pain.

In peace they starve you to your loathesome toil,
 In war they drive you to the teeth of Death;
 And when your life-blood soaks into their soil
 They give you lies to choke your dying breath.

So they will smite your blind eyes till you see
 And lash your naked backs until you know
 That wasted blood can never set you free
 From fettered thralldom to the Common Foe.

Then you will find that "nation" is a name
 And boundaries are things that don't exist
 That Labor's bondage, worldwide, is the same
 And **ONE** the enemy it must resist.

GRACELESS NOTES (continued from p. 5)

Russell V. McConnell, a retired U. S. Army bandmaster, is quoted as saying that "Our present national anthem is so complicated that bandmasters were taught it as a separate 'art form' unrelated to any other music played by Army bands." And the exclusively military character of the present national anthem does not commend it in an age when full-scale war can only mean the annihilation of the human species.

"'America the Beautiful' is not boisterous," Jacobs observes. "Neither is true patriotism, which is an abiding thing, calm and steady on stormy seas as well as in the safety of the harbor." That just shows what he knows. Patriotism is now being invoked to make us feel good about the horrendous slaughter perpetrated by U. S.

(continued on p. 9)

DO YOU KNOW YOUR REP IS DEAD

by Chris Carrier

(Tune: Don't Worry, Be Happy")

John Boardman 'n' Brian Burley
 Were walkin' down the street
 Being talied by a little dweeb
 They had a friend to meet.

Do you know the little dweeb
 Has to rub his weiner with his hands
 He's hot for Rhiannon's bod
 But he won't make no physical demands.

John 'n' Brian went into a folksy bar
 They saw a friend of Brian's staring afar
 While the dweeb was all aglow
 Brian's friend was feelin' pretty low.
 (Don't worry, be Feudy now!)

'Cuz he paid the bill for an abortion
 That his ladyfriend had had
 Which gave Robert Sacks a big excuse
 To say something really bad.

The dweeb looked and said,
 "Do you know your kid is dead?"
 "Do you know they killed your kid?"
 "Do you know your child has died?"
 (Don't worry, be Feudy now!)

John asked Brian what this was all about
 Brian told him 'n' they began to shout
 "Do you know your rep is dead?"
 "Do you know you killed your rep?"
 "Do you know your rep has died?"
 (Don't worry, be Feudy now!)

John then told the little dweeb
 You acted like a piece of shit.
 If it were me you would be wiping spit
 I'm surprised you're not a mass of blood.

As they ran the little weiner out
 The whole pub began to shout
 "Do you know your rep is dead?"
 "Do you know you killed your rep?"
 "Do you know your rep has died?"
 (Don't worry, be Feudy now!)

Chris Carrier, a Sacramento getting fan who keeps up commentary on feuds in that hobby, sends this comment on a notorious event that took place in a Greenwich Village folkie bar in November 1987, and was the last straw in New York City s-f and war-gam-
 ing fandoms' exasperation with Robert Sacks.

CAROLS ANCIENT AND MODERN

Nowadays we think of carols only as Christmas carols, but once the word was used for any topical song; there were Easter carols and May Day carols. "The Agincourt Carol", written soon after the event, commemorates the victory of the English under the warrior-king Henry V over the French at Agincourt (now Azincourt) in northern France on 25 October 1415, even though the disease-ridden English were outnumbered by more than 3 to 1 and on foreign terrain. The verses are in the English of that century, but the chorus is Latin: "Deo gratias, Anglia, redde pro victoria", "Give thanks to God, England, for victory."

"The Agincourt Carol" is timely of late because Kenneth Branagh has recently directed a well-received film version, with himself in the title role, of Shakespeare's play Henry V. It has received praise because, unlike Lord Olivier's 1944 version of this play, it makes war seem gritty rather than glorious. Although I agree with this latter view, I am compelled to admit that the Olivier film is superior from a dramatic standpoint. "The Agincourt Carol" is briefly sung in the Olivier version, but is absent from the Branagh version, which instead ends with a swelling, martial version of the medieval hymn "Non nobis Domine, non nobis Domine, sed tuo nomine gloria." ("Not to us, Lord, not to us, Lord, but to thy name be the glory.")

Considering how much President Bush thinks the invasion of Panama redounds to his credit, "The Chorillo Carol" was a natural consequence. The odds were even a greater mismatch in Panama City than at Agincourt, and this time the immensely stronger side predictably won. The victory at Agincourt eventually turned to ashes, as the English were booted out of France a generation later despite their military superiority. Agincourt is probably the greatest victory against odds in the history of warfare, but I am not going to let the fact that it was won by men of my blood obscure the fact that the whole Hundred Years' War was a plain plundering expedition by the English in a country that did not belong to them.

The recent U.S. invasion of Panama is a crime of the same character. Stealth bombers were used in warfare for the first time, against an enemy that could have been beaten with matchlocks. They accomplished a horrendous slaughter in burning the poverty-stricken Panama City district of Chorillo - and Bush and his aides are now boasting about it! The chorus to "The Chorillo Carol" means: "Complaining to God, America does not pray for victory."

There are still older tunes than this around for filking. The tune that we know as "The Bear Went Over the Mountain" or "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" was a marching song of the First Crusade, then beginning with the words "Lignum crucis, signum ducis..." - "The wood of the cross is the sign of the leader..."

GRACELESS NOTES (continued from p. 7)

troops in Panama, and to overlook the fact that the date for their withdrawal seems to be fading further and further into an indefinite future.

"In a sense," Jacobs notes, "'America the Beautiful' is already our national anthem. At the official service for the Challenger astronauts, our pride and our sorrow were best expressed through 'America the Beautiful', played that day. The rededication of the Statue of Liberty was laced and graced with 'America the Beautiful'. As a nation, we are coming of age."

I beg leave to doubt that, and the snarling militarism ("Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution...") of the present anthem is going to be cherished by the same idiots who made Rambo a smash hit, and who troop to the Big Black Slab in Washington to gloat about the suffering that their dear departed inflicted on the people of Vietnam. I have another suggestion. Until 1931 we got along perfectly well without any national anthem at all. Why not try it that way?

Or, if we must have one, why not revert to that revolutionary favorite, "Yankee Doodle"? It has always been a song of the people, and its words celebrate the amazement with which a raw country boy saw the military routine of Washington's camp. Our leaders need to be reminded who holds the real power in this country, and this perky

little fife tune with its irreverent words is just the thing.

*

The comic strips continue to filk. Doug Marlette's Kudzu had a long routine about Kudzu's friend Nasal T. Lardbottom, "whitest white boy at Bypass High School", in a sequence much of which is on the cover of this Mailing of APA-Filk. And every so often the characters of Pogo will break into song under the present Doyle-Sternaky Administration, as they did when Walt Kelly was running that comic strip. Berkeley Breathed used to throw rather bad verse into Bloom County, though I don't believe he has yet done so in its successor Outland.

*

The cover of this Mailing is an undated collage cover which I had printed as a stand-by in case no one else contributed a cover. These stand-by covers are printed without the date and Mailing number, which are then rubber-stamped in.

APA-Filk needs covers for its 46th and 47th Mailings, which have their respective deadlines on the first days of May and August. I will do another collage cover for the 48th Mailing (1 November 1990), as I have collected a number of items appropriate to the numerous holidays that take place between the November and February mailings. (Samhain/Hallowe'en, Armistice* Day, Election Day, Thanksgiving, St. Nicholas's Day**, the Winter Solstice, Hanukah, Christmas, and New Year's Eve)

If you plan to do a cover for an upcoming Mailing, please let me know as far in advance as you can, so I can be planning the issue accurately. And if a hitch should develop in your preparations, so that it may look as if the cover won't be ready in time, please let me know of that as well.

* - Yes, I know it's now fashionable to call it "Veterans' Day", and certainly the people who make much of this observance would much rather have more veterans, than more armistices. As Pogo and Porky observed, "Armistices are temporary - but so are we!"

** - That's a good old Nieuw Amsterdam holiday, which takes place on 6 December. For details see Knickerbocker's History of New York.

ANAKREON #45

(The 400th Anniversary of the Death of Anakreon)

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F I R S T C L A S S M A I L

574-YEAR-OLD SONG FILKED!

Thousands gasp in horror!

American Legion demands action!